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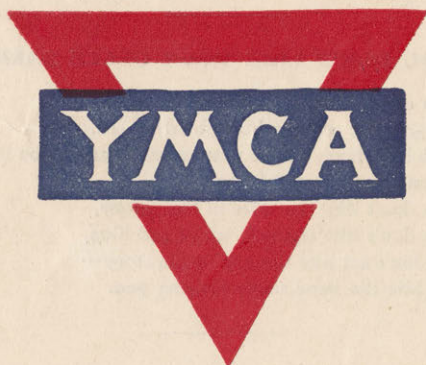
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SING



Compliments of the
TRANSPORTATION BUREAU
of the NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL of the
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

DR. JOHN P. MUNN JOHN F. MOORE
Chairman W. N. NORTHCOTT } Secretaries

Headquarters: 347 Madison Avenue, New York

1**THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER**

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2**GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE**

Good-bye Broadway, Hello France
We're ten million strong.
Good-bye sweethearts, wives and mothers,
It won't take us long.
Don't you worry while we're there,
It's for you we're fighting, too.
So Good-bye Broadway, Hello France,
We're going to square our debt to you.

3 IF YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR UNCLE SAMMY

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy,
Then go back o your home o'er the sea.
To the land from where you came, whatever be its name,
But don't be ungrateful to me.
If you don't like the stars in Old Glory,
If you don't like the red, white and blue,
Then don't act like the cur in the story—
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

4**OVER THERE**

Over there, over there, send the word, send the word, over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere;
So prepare, say a pray'r, send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.

5**AMERICA, HERE'S MY BOY**

America, I raised a boy for you, America, you'll find him
staunch and true,
Place a gun upon his shoulder, he is ready to die or do,
America, he is my only one, my hope, my pride, and joy,
But If I had another, he would march beside his brother.
America, here's my boy.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

Brighten the corner where you are,
 Brighten the corner where you are,
 Some one far from harbor you
 May guide across the bar;
 Brighten the corner where you are.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

They were summoned from the hillside, they were called in from
 the glen,
 And the country found them ready at the stirring call for men.
 Let no tears add to their hardship, as the soldiers pass along,
 And altho' your heart is breaking, make it sing this cherry song:

Keep the home fires burning, tho' your hearts are yearning,
 While your lads are far away, they dream of home,
 There's a silver lining, thru each dark cloud shining,
 Turn your dark clouds inside out till the boys come home.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, boys smile,
 While you've a lucifer to light your fağ,
 Smile, boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worryin' it never was worth while,
 So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile,
 smile, smile.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know.
 I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.
 I hear those gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword!
 His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
 His truth is marching on.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten.
 Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land!
 In Dixie Land where I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin',
 Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
 To lib and die in Dixie;
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the pilgrim's pride!
 From ev'ry mountain side,
 Let freedom ring!

Our father's God! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.



A RED TRIANGLE CLUB—IN CAMP

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 In Camps
 On Troop Ships*

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